

OIL on the BRAIN.

Air : The Cork Leg.

By B. C. L.

A fellow came from the city of York,
With Yankee legs.. not made of cork ;
He was clothed in shoddy to keep him

His valise hung dangling from his arm,
Humming a tune : Pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

His course was laid in a B line ;
His long-tailed coat stuck out behind ;
His pointed nose had taken the trail..
He rushed along by leg and rail,
Still humming the tune : Pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

He crossed the valleys, mountains, stream,
And never awoke from out his dream ;
A vision had settled deep in his head—
He was bound to go it, alive or dead,
Singing : Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

He saw himself a millionaire....
A mile in a minute... he didn't care ;
The cars run off, but he run on,
Still ever slaying his darling song :
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

On foot he travel's, a night and a day,
And reaches Middle Pen-syl-van-i-a ;
In a rickety barn he crept to rest..
His body slept, but his spirit possess't..
Kept singing still : Pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

The spirit there, all night singing, lay,
And awoke the body at break of day :
Then, off he started, on a run,
To finish the work so well begun,
Singing : Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

He eats his lunch as on he flies,
Whilst on yon mountain he keeps
his eyes ;
But, interluding at every bite,
The spirit sings its soul's delight :
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

Young American Stock— he's
very fast ;
He reaches the mountain range at last
No mortal's there so he don't intrude,
And his heart burst out in his gratitude
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

His heart beats lighter under his vest ;
He steps on the mountain-side to rest ;
He seats himself by a winding rill,
Takes out his lunch, and eats his fill,
Singing : Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

The hours had been precious
since last he woke,
He had not taken the time to smoke :
So taking a match, he touches his pipe,
Then into a crevice he throws the light,
singing : Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

This spot, says he, it can't be beat :
And turning his eyes beneath his feet,
The flame was flickering in the hole..
It had scorched his foot.. burnt in
his soles..
By golly ! he sings, this is Pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um !

He hastens down to the nearest farm,
And walks in the house— he thought
it no harm :
Says he : I've come from Yankee town.
He buys the land with the money down,
Then whistles and sings, till all is
blue : Pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

The people around begin to laugh,
As he sinks the Great Magetta Shaft.
The file flowed out, ran down the hill..
A hundred barrels.. 'tis running still..
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

And now, good people, oh ! do not stare !
Our Yankee friend is a millionaire.
Wake up, wake up ! there yet is room
For others to sing the Yankee's tune :
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

Uncle Sam rides on in the Victor's car,
The wheels relieved from the creaking
jar ;

On Fortune's sea we are gliding forth,
And the Beacon which lights
the Glorious North
Is : Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.

Our friend now, since he's made
his pile,
Has had his likeness done in fle.
He's a clever fellow and full of fun,
And he still sings on where he begun :
Pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru.. pe-tru..
pe-tru.. Pe-tro-le-um.